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LIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS.

THE social entertainments of the present age differ materially from those of the past; much pleasant society was formerly enjoyed at a comparatively small expense, generally over a refectory of tea, or a scarcely brighter affair under the name of supper. Happening to have scraped together a few memoranda respecting these entertainments, we shall first give some notice of their rise and progress in the northern part of the island, and then endeavour to draw some useful deductions, for the benefit of the present generation.

Tea was introduced into Scotland, in 1680, by the family of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), who was then obliged to reside for a while in Edinburgh, on account of the odium he had incurred in England by his profession of the Romish faith. His consort, the beautiful Mary d'Este, and his daughter by a former wife, the Lady Anne (afterwards Queen of Great Britain), exerted themselves on this occasion, by balls, masquerades, and plays, to render themselves agreeable to the Scottish nobility; and among other entertainments, they did not neglect to furnish the ladies with tea, which was then a novelty even in England, but had never previously been known to the north of the Tweed. It is not likely that tea was, for many subsequent years, much used in Scotland: in 1705, an Edinburgh goldsmith advertises in the Gazette that he sells green tea at 16s. and bohea at 30s. a pound—a plain proof that it was as yet the luxury of only the most affluent classes.

Anecdotes are every where rife respecting mistakes made by Scottish housewives on first attempting to make use of tea. Young men, residing abroad in search of fortune, would send home parcels of it to their mothers, who, resolved to diffuse the benefit, would collect a company, and serve up a great dishful of the herb in a thoroughly boiled state, half swimming in a menstruum of butter, all the water having meanwhile been thrown out as useless. The last Earl of Glencairn's grandfather and grandmother, the former of whom died in 1734, used to spend a day once a year with a shipmaster and his good spouse at Greenock: on one occasion their hospitable landlady told them that she was going to give them a novelty—the husband had brought home a quantity of "a grand new kind of kail," which she had prepared as the greens appropriate to a joint of salt beef. It proved to be a pound of green tea. Where a mistake was so natural, it was not unlikely to occur in other instances. Sir Walter Scott tells of "a dame of no small quality, the worshipful Lady Pumpraston, who buttered a pound of green tea sent her as an exquisite delicacy, dressed it as a condiment to a pump of salted beef, and complained that no degree of boiling would render these foreign greens tender."

Many anecdotes, moreover, are told of the awkwardness evinced by novices on being introduced to the mysteries of the tea-table, their ignorance of the ritual of the spoon, and, above all, the perplexity they were in with regard to the quantity which was proper for them to drink. An honest native of Paisley, for instance, was entertained solus on one occasion by a worthy dame of the city of Glasgow, being his first appearance at any meal of the kind. As he knew not when to stop, and she supposed herself under an obligation to fill as long as he continued empty, the drinking went on to the seventeenth cup, when, oppressed nature getting the better of all delicacy, he burst out with, "Weel, I would rather be increased frae only mair o' your tea; but, howsoever, I may take a glype o' your succar." And so saying,

he helped himself to half a handful of her West India produce, in order that she might not suppose him to be a stingy guest.

Ere the century, however, had advanced very far, a considerable quantity of tea was imported into Scotland, with and without the cognisance of the excise. In Ramsay's poem of the Morning Interview, written in 1721, when the beau calls at the house of his mistress in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, she

— Judges it must be
Frankalia come to take her morning tea;
and subsequently, when her heart has given way to the tender appeal of the visitor,

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
And all rich requisites are brought from far.
The table boasts its being from Japan,
The ingenious work of some great artisan.
China, where potters coarsest mould refine,
That rays through the transparent vessels shine;
The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
And Amazonia* must their sweets dispense;
To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,
For the sweet product of the luscious cane.
Here Scotia does no costly tribute bring,
Only some kettles full of Todian spring.†
Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,
On odoriferous plains the leaves do grow.
Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame,
Sometimes called green, bohea's its greater name.

O happiest of herbs! who would not be
Pythagorised into the form of thee,
And with high transports act the part of tea!
Kisses on thee the haughty belles bestow,
While in thy steams their coral lips do glow;
Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
While men, even beaux, with parched lips attend.

The prevalence of tea at this time, among the refined part of the nation, is also indicated by his giving the title of the Tea Table Miscellany to a collection of Scottish songs which he published in 1724. And yet there is reason to believe that as yet, even the nobility used tea in a somewhat sparing manner. In the family of the Earl of Glencairn above mentioned, a small tea-pot was always set for his lordship, while his wife and numerous daughters had a larger one, containing, however, only an infusion of ash leaves and rosemary. Lady Glencairn, it seems, was somewhat penurious, and grudged to give the genuine herb to so many mouths. At length, his lordship asked one day why there were always two tea-pots at table—a piece of unnecessary show, as it appeared to him—when one of the young ladies (grandmother of our informant) exclaimed very readily, "Indeed, one of them holds your lordship's tea, and the other naething but ash and rosemary leaves; and I dare say we'll soon hae naething but the sticks." At this, it is added, Lord Glencairn, who was a proud man, was seriously angry, and the young lady did not fail (for such was the custom of those days) to get a whipping from her mother.

About the year 1742, so much tea was smuggled into Scotland, and sold at a low price, that, according to President Forbes, though probably he exaggerates a little, "the meanest families, even of labouring people, particularly in burroughs, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoons' entertainments, to the exclusion of the Twopenny." He adds, "The Ostend Company first, and afterwards that settled at Gottenburgh, not only filled the north of Europe with tea, but by necessary consequence brought down the price of it very low. Several persons belonging to this

country, of low if not of desperate fortunes, were concerned in the service of these companies, particularly of that of Gottenburgh. They run their low-priced tea into Scotland, and sold it very cheap; a pound went from half a crown to three or four shillings. The goodwife was fond of it because her betters made use of tea; a pound of it would last her a month, which made her breakfast very cheap, as she made no account of sugar, which she took up only in ounces. In short, the desire spread, and at present there are very few cobblers in any of the burroughs who do not sit down gravely with their wives and families to tea." The worthy president was incensed against this practice, because it had depressed the receipts from the malt-tax, and he seriously proposed to the government that the use of tea should be prohibited in Scotland under a penalty, except to persons of considerable income.* The flame spread to the agricultural interest, and a great effort was made in 1744 to put down tea by county resolutions: the farmers of the barony of Brisbane in Ayrshire thus express themselves—"We, being all farmers by profession, think it needless to restrain ourselves formally from indulging in that foreign and consumptive luxury called tea;† for when we consider the slender constitutions of many of the higher rank, amongst whom it is most used, we conclude that it would be but an improper diet to qualify us for the more robust and manly parts of our business; and therefore we shall only give our testimony against it, and leave the enjoyment of it altogether to those who can afford to be weak, indolent, and useless."‡ Such was the tumultuously thrown upon tea by prejudice and a short-sighted political economy, in the days of our grandfathers. A modern writer says, with not more point than justice, "The progress of tea has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time, and its own virtues."§

At a somewhat later period, we find that, in Edinburgh at least, tea had suffered nothing from the hostility thus manifested against it. Dinner then took place at one o'clock in the most of families, and tea followed as another meal at four, whence a very common name for it in Scotland to this day is *Four-Hours*. Tea services, imported from China, and consisting of remarkably small articles, were then universal among people above the humblest rank; and the purchase of a set of diminutive silver spoons, from some one of the goldsmiths in the Parliament Square, was then an essential preliminary to every matrimonial union. The convivial habits of the age were unfavourable to tea; the most of gentlemen liked better to retire to taverns and toast the ladies in deep bumpers of claret and punch, than to meet them over this light and elegant meal. Still tea-parties were the favourite entertainment of a more refined and orderly class. It was an easy means of bringing together many pleasant people without much previous preparation, and without formality. When fifty friends, as in the Old Town of Edinburgh, lived within three hundred yards of each other, they were soon invited and as easily collected: it was the sole recompence for crowded population and common stairs, Sir Alexander Boswell, whose remarks these are,

* A famous river in South America, whence we have our sugar.—Ramsay.

† Tod's Well, which supplies the city with water.—The same.

* Culloden Papers, 190, 191, 192.

† The Italics are in the original. ‡ Scots Magazine, 1744.

§ Edinburgh Review, xxvi. 171.

gives the following picture of an old tea-drinking, in a poem of his quoted below :*

Then were the days of comfort and of glee,
When met to drink a social cup of tea ;—
The chequered chairs, in seemly circle placed ;
The Indian tray with Indian china graced ;
The red stone tea-pot with its silver spout ;
The tea-spoons numbered, and the tea-filled out
Rich whigs and cookies smokes upon the board,
The best that Kier the baxter[†] can afford.
Hapless the wight, who, with a lavish splash,
Empties too soon the Lilliputian cup !
Though patience fails, and though with thirst he burns,
All, all must wait, till the last cup returns.
That cup returned, now see the hostess ply
The tea-pot, measuring with equal eye.
To all again, at once, she grants the boon,
Dispensing her gunpowder by platoon.
They chat of dress (as ladies will) and cards,
And fifty friends within three hundred yards—
Or now they listen all in merry glee
While "Nancy Dawson," "Sandle over the lee,"
(Than foreign cadence surely sweeter far)
Ring on the gingham spinnet or guitar.
The clogs are ready when the treat is o'er,
And many a blazing lantern lights the door.

"Tea and turn out," as this kind of thing is now-a-days contemptuously called, may appear rather a penurious mode of seeing company ; but we are much inclined to think, that, in most instances, the entertainment was not quite so limited. After tea there was often a rubber, perhaps a dance, according as the majority of the party might be old or young, and perhaps, after all, there would be the lightest possible supper, just by way of bringing the good humour to a climax. Supper, however, was in those days a meal in its own right ; and a delightful meal, according to all accounts, it was. Here, the close neighbourhood in which all lived was of even greater importance than in the case of tea. If the company lingered till near midnight, they had only to walk a few hundred yards, perhaps only up a few flights of steps, in order to get to their own homes. The utmost equipage required for the ladies was a good pair of patters, and the only conveyance for the men was the lantern. For the material of supper, there was tripe, a haddock, a little toasted cheese, and what not, viands that could do no harm either to host or guest in any respect, and yet sufficient. The ease and light-hearted merriment which prevailed on these occasions were such as to make us sigh for the days that are past. Major Topham, who visited Edinburgh in 1774, and published a series of letters respecting what he saw, has thus described the suppers of that time :—

"A man who visits this country, after having been in France, will find, in a thousand instances, the resemblance which there is betwixt these two nations. That air of mirth and vivacity, that quick and penetrating look, that spirit of gaiety which distinguishes the French, is equally visible in the Scotch. It is the character of the nation ; and it is a very happy one, as it makes them disregard even their poverty. At meetings of both sexes, they do not appear as if they had never seen each other before, or wished never to see each other again ; they do not sit in sullen silence, looking on the ground, biting their nails, and at a loss what to do with themselves, and, if some one should be hardy enough to break silence, start, as if they were shot through the ear with a pistol : but they address each other at first sight, and with an *empressment* that is highly pleasing ; they appear to be satisfied with one another, or at least, if they really are not so, they have the prudence to conceal their dislike. To see them in perfection, is to see them at their entertainments.

When dinners are given here, they are invitations of form. The entertainment of pleasure is their suppers, which resemble the *petits soupers* of France. Of these they are very fond, and it is a mark of their friendship to be admitted to be of the party. It is in these meetings that the pleasures of society and conversation reign, when the restraints of ceremony are banished, and you see people really as they are : and I must say, in honour of the Scotch, that I never met with a more agreeable people, with more pleasing or more insinuating manners, in my life. These little parties generally consist of about seven or eight persons, which prevents the conversation from being particular, as it always must be in larger companies. During the supper, which continues some time, the Scotch ladies drink more wine than an English woman could well bear ; but the climate requires it, and probably in some measure it may enliven their natural vivacity. After supper is removed, and they are tired of conversing, they vary the scene by singing, in which many of the Scotch excel. There is a plaintive simplicity in the generality of their songs, to which the words are extremely well adapted, and which, from the mouth of a pretty Scotch girl, is inconceivably attractive. You frequently feel the force of those very expressions, that at another time you would not understand, when they are sung by a young person whose inclinations and affections are frequently expressed in the terms made use of, and which the heart claims as its own. The eye, the whole countenance, speak frequently as much as the voice ; for I have sometimes found, that I had a very just idea of the tenor of a song, though I did not comprehend three words in the whole."

To such suppers, it must also be recollected, the best wits of the day would resort. Some of the Blairs,

* Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty, a sketch of Former Manners. Edinburgh, Manners and Miller, 1810.

† A baker in the High Street, whose whigs and cookies, kinds of cake so called, were very popular in their day.

the Smiths, and the Humes, would perhaps be seen dropping in amongst the less distinguished guests, and taking their share in the playful conversation appropriate to the occasion. Mrs Cockburn, the authoress of the song of the Flowers of the Forest, was one of those who collected the philosophers of the age to her *petit soupers*. A gentleman, still engaged in professional business, recollects being present one night at her house, when David Hume was invited : he came rather late, and not till the supper had been concluded. As Mrs Cockburn was bustling about to supply him with something to eat, he said very coolly, "Now, never mind what the quality of it be, for you know I am no epicure, but only a glutton." On another similar occasion, this good-natured philosopher was chatting gaily with a very young and sportive girl, almost too young to be allowed to sit up so late, when a neighbour asked her "if she would take a philosopher for a husband." "No," said Hume, "she would rather take a fule-officer." With such pleasantries were the genial suppers of those days illustrated.

We have raked up these half traditional half historical memorials of modes gone by, in order to convince our contemporaries that much social intercourse may be enjoyed over simple viands, and at small expense. In contrast with these light pleasant entertainments, what are we to think of our own heavy formal dinner-parties, where some dozen persons, totally unacquainted with each other, are brought together to eat and drink luxuriously, and after a certain dull ceremonial has been gone through, to part as much strangers as ever—or of our evening-parties, where a house is made, as it were, a place of public resort for several hours, but without any body being either the wiser or the happier for it ; all being bustle, show, confusion, and racket, instead of the genuine enjoyment arising from kindly and familiar intercourse ? The moderation shown by our ancestors might in part be the result of their narrow resources ; but it was much more in accordance with good sense than the practices of the present day. The object of social meetings is social enjoyment ; and this seems to have been kept in view in the tea-drinkings and suppers of yore. To judge, however, by the manner of our present entertainments, it might be supposed that the object of all visiting was to witness a display of luxury, that one family collected several others only to impress them with a sense of their wealth. Allowing that there may be a real wish to gratify friends, still the system is most preposterous, for it is not only much more expensive than is necessary, but it altogether defeats the object in view, seeing that no one can enjoy an entertainment which appears above the means of him who gives it. Thus it leaves all parties losers—the hosts in their efforts to give pleasure, and the guests in their time and good humour.

THE DISCOVERER OF STEAM-POWER.

It is now, we believe, admitted by men of science, though the world in general either overlooks or is ignorant of the fact, that the Marquis of Worcester, an English nobleman of Charles II.'s time, and ancestor of the existing ducal family of Beaufort, was the person who first discovered and revealed to mankind the mechanical capabilities of steam—that power which, in our own age, is working out effects so vast and magnificent. As far as any purpose of utility is concerned, it is immaterial who was the first to suggest the idea of the steam-engine ; the application of the power to useful and practical objects was the undoubted doing of modern science ; but it is hard that the man to whom the merit of the discovery is due, and from whom those who made the first practical use of it borrowed the idea, should have been so long deprived of the honour which he so justly merited. A succession of untoward circumstances contributed to this injustice. The marquis, in order to preserve to his heirs and family the benefits which he expected to accrue from the application of his discoveries, published only mysterious heads or notes of them, in a tract entitled "The Century of Inventions," or Hundred Inventions, intending to leave to posterity, at a future period, a full and complete account of the various projects. Unfortunately, this detailed account appears never to have been drawn up, and the same dread of losing the anticipated benefits most probably prevented the marquis from exhibiting his experiments to the men of science who flourished in his time. The consequence is, that this famed Century or Hundred Inventions are, with few exceptions, wrapped till the present day in a language of unintelligible obscurity. It has only been since the practical discovery of the properties of steam as a moving power, that it has been perceived that the marquis has hinted his knowledge of a similar discovery. The following are his mysterious allusions to this subject.

Invention 68.—"An admirable and most forcible way to drive up water by fire, not by drawing or sucking it upwards. This new way hath no bounds, if the vessels be strong enough ; for I have taken a piece of a whole cannon, whereof the end was burst, and filled it three-quarters full, stopping and screwing the broken end, as also the touch-hole ; and making a constant fire under it, within twenty-four hours it burst and made a great crack : so that having found a way to make my vessels so that they are strengthened by the force within them, and the one to fill after the other, have seen the water run like a constant mountain stream, forty feet high ; one vessel of water,

rarified by fire, driveth up forty of cold water : and a man that tends the work is but to turn two cocks, the one vessel of water being consumed, another begins to force and refill with cold water, and so successively the fire being tended and kept constant, which the same person may likewise abundantly perform in the interval between the necessity of turning the said cocks."

Invention 98.—"An engine, so contrived, that working the *primum mobile* forward or backward, upwards or downwards, circularly or cornerwise, to and fro, straight, upright, or downright, yet the pretended operation continueth, and advanceth ; none of the motions above mentioned hindering, much less stopping, the other ; but unanimously, and with harmony agreeing, they all augment and contribute strength unto the intended work and operations ; and therefore I call this a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof be buried with me."

Invention 99.—"How to make one pound weight to raise an hundred as high as one pound falleth, and yet the hundred pounds descending doeth what nothing less than one hundred pounds can effect."

Invention 100.—"Upon so potent a help as these two last-mentioned inventions, a water-work is, by many years' experience and labour, so advantageously by me contrived, that a child's force bringeth up an hundred feet high an incredible quantity of water, even two feet diameter ; and I may boldly call it the most stupendous work in the whole world, not only with little charge to drain all sorts of mines, and furnish cities with water, though never so high seated, as well as to keep them sweet, running through several streets, and so performing the work of scavengers, as well as furnishing the inhabitants with sufficient water for their private occasions, but likewise supplying the rivers with sufficient to maintain and make them navigable from town to town, and for the bettering of lands all the way it run, with many more advantageous and yet greater effects of profit, admiration, and consequence, so that deservedly I deem this invention to crown my labour to reward my expenses, and make my thoughts acquiesce in the way of further inventions."

Can any one doubt, after reading this, that the marquis had discovered the applicability of steam to mechanical purposes, and that a just conception had dawned on his mind of the stupendous consequences to be achieved by it ? Vague as the hints in the "heads" are, they are yet clear enough to apply steam alone of all powers yet known, and they even point strongly to some of the uses to which steam is applied at the present day. Moreover, Professor Millington of London has constructed the model of a steam engine, agreeing with the description in Invention 68, and capable of fulfilling the purposes mentioned by the marquis. The matter is thus decisively set at rest.

The grandiloquent language in which the marquis talks of his discovery, may well be excused, when we think of its true importance, which he appears to have justly appreciated. Yet, though speaking in such high terms before man, in presence of his Maker he was humble. The following passage from a prayer of the marquis, while it shows him elevated with the consciousness of being the depositary of a stupendous discovery, also exhibits a mind imbued with humility and noble feeling : "Oh, infinitely omnipotent God ! whose mercies are fathomless, and whose knowledge is immense and inexhaustible ; next to my creation and redemption, render thee most humble thanks from the very bottom of my heart for thy vouchsafing me (the meanest and understanding) an insight in so great a secret of nature, beneficial to all mankind, as this water-commanding engine. Suffer me not to be puffed up with the knowledge of it, but humble my haughty heart by the true knowledge of my own ignorance !" Such language as this used by one whose genius discovered the steam-engine reminds us of Newton's comparison of himself to a child picking up shells on the shores of the ocean of truth.

With a brief personal notice of the Marquis of Worcester, we shall conclude this paper. The family of Worcester were devotedly loyal to Charles I. at the time of the civil troubles which preceded the Protectorate. Both the marquis and his father were engaged in the royal cause, and, on the execution of the king, fled to France. In their absence, the family estates were seized by the parliament, and, to the disgrace, Charles II., at the Restoration, required very ill the services rendered him by the marquis, leaving him to pass his days in poverty. This, doubtless, tended greatly to maintain the marquis in the obscurity of which we have already spoken, and would prevent him also from performing his great experiments upon a scale likely to attract notice. He did, however, pass his time in continual experimenting, and made numerous models of all the machines invented by him. That he was greatly embarrassed by the want of means, is evident from his many endeavours to engage the attention of those who might have supplied him with funds.

It is perfectly well known that Captain Savery, who first discovered and reduced to practice the power of atmospheric pressure, obtained by the condensation of steam, owed his knowledge of its expansive force to the Century of Inventions. M. Papin, too, the inventor of the machine called Papin's Digester, when employed by the Landgrave of Hesse to raise water conducted the undertaking on the exact principle described by the Marquis of Worcester. Is it not hard, then, that this ingenious man should have been prevented for so long a time from receiving the honour due to him ? Besides the causes which we have men-

tioned, we are apt to suppose that the title of "Marquis" was a hindrance to his being taken notice of by the public.

STO

A NEW EDITION of the "Fulton and the Living World" is now published ; so that the living world is now a greater one.

With a greater number of illustrations, the result of the progress of the world, from the time of the first discovery of steam, to the present day, is now complete. The result of the progress of the world, from the time of the first discovery of steam, to the present day, is now complete.

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tioned, we may ascribe much of this injustice to the opinion of mankind generally to follow blindly the opinions laid down by certain received authorities in science and literature, without examining for themselves. Because Hume, who did not even know the title of the book, pronounced the Century "a ridiculous compound of lies and chimeras," while Walpole termed it an "amazing piece of folly," and its author a "fantastic projector," the world has long shut its eyes to the merits of a man of true and great genius.

STORIES OF STYLES OF LIVING.

LIVING BEYOND THE MEANS.

A NEW era now opens on the married life of Frank Fulton and his wife. The first period of economical living WITHIN THEIR MEANS, had been for some time past; so also had the second, during which they had lived UP TO THEIR MEANS; and we now find them, with a greatly increased family, living in a lesser or greater degree BEYOND THEIR MEANS. The various acts in this drama of real life had been quite progressive. There had been a gradual rise, little by little, from a condition of comparative poverty to one of considerable opulence. There had been no violent movement forward; all had been easy, and apparently the result of ordinary circumstances. Frank's professional engagements had greatly increased; he was now employed as a physician by families of the first consequence, and was enabled to live in a style of elegance which he at one period could not possibly have anticipated. Now was the time, then, when he was reaping the reward of his skill and perseverance, and when, without any difficulty, he might have realised such a competence as the prudent under such circumstance would by all means have secured. Whether he did so or not, we shall immediately learn.

Mrs Fulton, during the rise in her husband's circumstances, acted as many women do in like situations. She yielded to the pleasing current of prosperity, and considered, that to be a fine lady was incompatible with being an attentive mother. Involving herself in an extensive circle of acquaintances, hardly one of whom cared any thing at all about her, she was incessantly occupied in the most frivolous amusements and visitings; and instead of staying at home to bestow a motherly regard on her children, now grown up, and requiring more attention than ever, she was never so happy as when engaged in exchanging smiles and bows and trifling words of course with the class of friends with whom she had become involved. All was sunshine, gladness, and smiles, abroad, while at home, the house was left very much to itself, or went on under the supreme government of servants. Could all this last? We shall see.

In the midst of Frank's heedless career he took a lease of a large and magnificent mansion. It stood next door to that of one of the best friends of the family, Mr Bradish, and was hence in a particularly fashionable quarter of the city. What a dear delightful idea! How we shall be envied! Such were the feelings of Dr and Mrs Fulton, as they prepared for the occupation of their new abode. As it was a thing for a considerable period, it was worth while to strain every nerve to furnish, and lay it out in the best manner. Mrs Bradish had very kindly dropped a hint, that, when a hall was given by either family, a door might be cut through, and both houses thrown into one. It became, therefore, almost indispensable that one house should be furnished nearly as elegantly as the other. The same cabinet-maker and upholsterer was employed; and when completed, it certainly was not much inferior to Mr Bradish's.

Jane was not behind Mrs Bradish in costume or figure. Every morning, at the hour for calls, she was elegantly attired for visitors. Many came from curiosity. Mrs Hart congratulated her dear friend on seeing her moving in a sphere for which it was evident nature intended her. Mrs Reed cautioned her against any false shame, that might remind one of former times. Others admired her furniture and arrangements, without any sly allusions. On one of these gala mornings, uncle Joshua was ushered into the room. Jane was fortunately alone, and she went forward and offered two fingers with a cordial air, but whispered to the servant, "if any one else called, while he was there, to say she was engaged." She had scrupulously observed her promise, of never sending word she was not at home. There was a mock kind of deference in his air and manner, that embarrassed Jane.

"So," said he, looking round him, "we have a palace here!" "The house we were in was quite too small, now that our children are growing so large," replied Jane. "They must be greatly beyond the common size," said uncle Joshua, "if that house could not hold them." "It was a very inconvenient one; and we thought, as it was a monstrous rent, it would be better to take another. Then, after we had bought this, it certainly was best to furnish it comfortably, as it was for life." "Is it paid for?" asked uncle Joshua, dryly.

Jane hesitated. This was a point she was not exactly versed in. "Paid for!" she replied; "why, of course—that is—" "Oh, very well," answered the old man; "I am glad to hear it; otherwise, I should doubt if it is taken for life." Jane was silent for a moment. She felt abashed, but at length said, in as soothing a tone as possible, "You do not know, dear

uncle, that Frank has been very successful in some speculations lately; he does not now altogether depend on his profession for a living; indeed, he thinks it his duty to live as other people do, and place his wife and children upon an equality with others."

"And what do you call an equality—living as luxuriously, and wasting as much time, as they do?—dwelling in as costly apartments, and forgetting there is any other world than this? When you were left to my care, and your dear mother was gone from us, how often I lamented that I could not supply her place—that I could not better talk to you of another world, to which she had gone; but then, Jane, I comforted myself that I knew something of the duties that belonged to this, and that, if I faithfully instructed you in these, I should be preparing you for another. When I saw you growing up, dutiful and humble, charitable and self-denying, sincere, and a conscientious disciple of truth, then I felt satisfied that all was well. But I begin now to fear that it was a short-sighted kind of instruction—that it had not power enough to enable us to hold fast to what is right. I begin now to see that we must have motives that do not depend on the praise or censure of this world—motives that must have nothing to do with it." And so saying, he hurriedly took his leave and departed.

Jane's feelings immediately after this interview with her venerable relative, were any thing but agreeable. She could impose upon others, but not upon herself. Frank, on returning home, found her more dull than usual, and upon being informed of the cause, remarked, that "really uncle Joshua was becoming a very tiresome old man—always croaking about something." This, however, did not pacify Jane's conscience. "I might," thought she, "have sent him home in the carriage, or persuaded him to stay and dine, and he would have recovered from his fatigue. I did, however, as I thought was best, and that is all we can do. We can only do as seems to us right for the present."

How many deceive themselves with this opiate! The indolent, the selfish, and the worldly, lay this flattering unction to their consciences, as if doing what seems to us right for the present did not require reflection, judgment, and often all the self-denying as well as energetic qualities of our nature.

That evening, Jane was engaged at a large party. She was still young and handsome, and, surrounded by the gay and frivolous, she danced quadrilles and cotillions, and returned at one. As they entered the door, on their return, one of the women met them, and told Frank there had been a message from uncle Joshua, requesting him to come immediately to see him, as he was very sick.

Jane was alarmed. "His walk was too much for him, I am afraid," she exclaimed. Frank looked at his watch. "Half-past one! Do you think I had better go?" "Oh, certainly. I will go with you." "Nonsense! With that dress!" Jane was resolute, and Frank ceased to oppose her. They drove through the unfashionable parts of the town, stopped at uncle Joshua's little green door, and knocked softly. A strange woman came to the door.

"How is my uncle?" said Jane. "He is dead," said the woman, in an indifferent tone. They rushed in. It was true. The old man lay motionless—his features retaining the first benign expression of death. With what agony did Jane lean over him, and press with her parched lips his cold forehead!

"My more than uncle—my father!" she exclaimed, while torrents of tears fell from her eyes. Then recollecting the scene of the day before, she felt as if she was his murderer. "Tell me," said she, "how it all happened. Did he live to get home? Tell me the worst, while I have power to hear it. My poor, dear uncle! But yesterday, I could have folded my arms around you, and you would have smiled upon me and loved me; but I was ungrateful and cold-hearted, and I let you go. Oh! that I could buy back those precious moments—that yesterday would again return!"

Frank strove to soothe her grief. But she constantly recurred to his long walk, which a word of hers might have prevented. They found, upon inquiry, that his death was without warning. He had returned home, and passed the afternoon as usual. In the evening, at about nine, he complained of a pain at his heart, and desired Dr Fulton might be sent for. Before the message could have reached him, his breath had departed. "You see, Jane," said Frank, "that if I had been at home, it would have been too late."

But what reasoning can stifle self-reproach? Jane would have given worlds to have recalled the last few years of worldly engrossment and alienation towards her uncle. But now it was all too late. He was alike insensible to her indifference or her affection. That sorrow which is excited merely by circumstances, soon passes away. There is a deep and holy grief, that raises and sublimates the character, after its bitterness is gone. It is health and strength to the mind. It were to be wished that Jane's had been of this nature; but it was made up of sensation.

When uncle Joshua's will was opened, it was found that the little property he left, was secured to Jane's children, with this clause: "At present it does not appear that my beloved niece wants any part of it. But if, by any change of circumstances—and life is full of change—she should require assistance, she is to receive the annual income of the whole, quarterly, during her life." He had appointed as executor and guardian of his will, Samuel Watson, a respectable mechanic in his own walk of life.

"After all," said Frank, with an ironical air, "I don't see, Jane, but you turn out an heiress." "My dear uncle," returned she, in a faltering voice, "has left us all he had. I am unworthy of his kindness." "For heaven's sake, Jane, don't keep for ever harping upon that string. What could you have done more? You say you asked him to come and live with us." "Yes; but now I feel how much more daily and constant attention would have been

to him, than any such displays that I occasionally made. I earnestly hope he did not perceive my neglect."

There are no lessons of kindness and good will that come so home to the heart, as those which are enforced by sudden death. Who has ever lost a beloved friend, that would not give worlds for one hour of the intercourse for ever gone?—one hour to pour forth the swelling affection of the heart—to make atonement for errors and mistakes—to solicit forgiveness—to become perfect in self-sacrifice and disinterested devotion? This is one of the wise and evident uses of sudden death—that we may so live with our friends, that, come when and how it will, we may not add to the grievous loss, the self-reproach of unkindness or neglected duties.

Jane's heart was bleeding under a feeling of remorse. It wanted soothing and kindness; but Frank seemed vexed and out of humour. "There could not," said he, "be any thing more consistent with uncle Joshua's narrow views, than his last will and testament. To make such a man as Samuel Watson his executor, and trustee for my children!"

"He was his particular friend; and I have often heard my uncle say, he was 'honesty and uprightness to the back bone,'" replied Jane. "Yes; I know that was a chosen expression of the old gentleman's. However, thank fortune! I need have no association with him. If he had left the property to my care, who am the natural guardian of my children, I could have made something handsome of it by the time they wanted it; but he has so completely tied it up, that it will never get much beyond the paltry sum it is now."

Samuel Watson, the guardian and executor, was a man much resembling uncle Joshua, in the honest good sense of his character; but he was a husband and a father. His sympathies had been called forth by these strong ties, and by the faithful affection of an excellent wife. They had lived to bury all their children but one; and that one seemed to exist only as a link between this world and another. He had been, from infancy, an invalid. They had hung over him, with prayers and anguish, through many a year of sickness, spending upon him a watchfulness and anxiety that the other two children did not seem to demand; for they were strong in health and activity. The blooming and beautiful had been called, in the dawn of life, and the invalid still lingered on. But that health, which had been denied to his material structure, seemed doubly bestowed on his mind. He was no longer the feeble object of his mother's solicitude. He was her friend—her counsellor. By degrees, he obtained the influence of superior virtue over every one around him, and, from his couch of sickness and pain, afforded a striking proof that there is no situation in life which may not show forth the goodness and power of the Creator. Such were the friends that uncle Joshua meant to secure to Jane and her children.

The morning that Mr and Mrs Watson came to pay Mrs Fulton a visit, they found her in a becoming mourning dress, every curl and every fold in place. But their own feelings of kindness supplied the want of hers, and aroused something like sympathy in her mind. "We must be friends," said Mr Watson, as he shook her hand with cordiality, "or we shall not fulfil the last request of our excellent friend. You must fix on an afternoon to pass with us, and bring all your children." Jane could not refuse, and the day was appointed; and as Mrs Watson left the room, she said, "don't make it later than four."

"Impossible," said Frank; "go at four! What Gosh and Vandals! You will expire before you can get away. I will call and pass half an hour after tea, and I hope this will finish off the intercourse for a year at least. By the bye, Jane, put down the day of the month, and next year we will return the invitation the same day."

When the afternoon arrived, a new obstacle presented. Elinor, the eldest daughter, who had attained her sixteenth year, and was to come out the next winter, had her engagements and pursuits, and learned, with a feeling of disappointment, that a long afternoon was to be spent, in a scene of domestic dullness and ennui. The sacrifice, however, was to be made; and, with a naturally amiable disposition, and much energy of character, she determined it should be made cheerfully; with a secret hope, however, that they should not see the sick young man.

The sick young man was the first to receive them—to welcome them, with a gay and cheerful expression, to his father's house. Mrs Watson lost, at home, all the constraint of forms, to which she was unused. She was kind, maternal, and affectionate. The table was loaded with prints, and works of fancy and taste. Every thing was refined, and in good keeping; and, to the astonishment of the Fultons, Oliver, in fashionable phrase, was "the life of the party." Instead of allusions to his feeble health, and a list of his infirmities, which the visitors had anticipated, not a word was hinted on the subject. A new treat was prepared for the evening, his electrical machine, with its curious experiments—his magic lantern, with its grave and gay scenes, its passing characters, so true a picture of human life. When the carriage came, to convey Elinor to the cotillon party, strange as it may seem, she preferred staying the evening, and the carriage was dismissed.

Dr Fulton did not come. Business undoubtedly prevented him. The family returned, delighted with their visit, and perfectly convinced, that, though Oliver looked sick and emaciated, and his hands were so white and almost transparent, he could not suffer much. Mrs Fulton said "suffering was not only marked upon the countenance, but it destroyed the force and resolution of the character." In most cases, she was undoubtedly right; but in the present one she was wrong. Sickness and suffering had nerved, not destroyed, the energy of his character; and he had learned to look upon his frame as a machine, which the mind was to control.

About a year passed on after this introductory visit, and during this period Elinor frequently visited Mrs Watson's family, but was at no time accompanied either by her father or mother. Both were engaged with society which they considered more exalted and more creditable. Yet both had not exactly the same ideas of spending time and money. Each followed a separate course, in

some respects. Frank had wholly ceased his communications to Jane, with regard to his pecuniary affairs. Consequently, this mutual source of interest was gone; and, as she saw no restraints laid on any thing, she presumed, very naturally, that, as long as his business was so flourishing, it was of little consequence what they expended. Sometimes, when her benevolent feelings were interested, and she gave lavishly and injudiciously, Frank accused her of extravagance. Then came retaliation, and hints that she had always heard, that, with increase of means, came a greater tenacity of money. For her own part, she considered it as dross, if it was not circulating.

Extravagance seems to be a slight fault. In youth we are indulgent to it. We say, if there must be wrong, that extreme is better than the opposite; we had rather see it, than sordid calculation. But is this all? Does it stop here? A little reflection will convince any one, that, to support extravagance, it must bring a host of allies. There must be injustice—selfishness; and the last auxiliary is fraud. Extravagance is, in truth, living beyond our honest means. It is a word used so lightly, that we almost forget its import.

The time was approaching when a very important event in the family was to take place. This was Elinor's coming out, a thing which the fond mother had greatly set her heart upon, and which was to be signalled by a ball of inconceivable grandeur.

"My dear Elinor," said Mrs. Fulton, as they both sat at work one morning, "your father and I have fixed upon the first evening in November for the ball. It is now the second week in October, and we shall not have much more than time to get ready. We must make out a list. Take your pen, and we will begin."

Elinor did as her mother directed. "The right way," said Mrs. Fulton, "is to arrange the names alphabetically." It was soon found, however, that this was impossible. A string of P's or Q's, &c., obtruded. Then Mrs. Fulton said, "Streets were the best way to begin with. R Street; then go to C or E Street, and so on." But here numbers were forgotten. And at last, she thought of the directory.

Elinor continued writing the list in silence, with her head bent over the paper. "The next thing will be to fix upon waiters and entertainments. We are to have the use of Mrs. Bradish's two rooms, just as she had ours, last winter. But how moping you are, Elinor! I really think, as we are taking all this trouble for you, you might show a little interest in it."

Elinor attempted to answer, but her emotions seemed to be irrepresible; and she laid down her pen, and put her handkerchief to her eyes. "You are not well, dear," said her mother, tenderly. "Yes, I am," said Elinor. "But, mother, do you know how sick Oliver is?" "I know he has been sick for a great many years; I believe, ever since he was born." "But he is much more so now. The doctor says he cannot live long." "It will be a mercy, when he is taken," said Mrs. Fulton. "He is every thing to his mother," said Elinor, in a faltering voice. "Yes; his father and mother will feel it at first, no doubt. Have you put down the Wilkines on the list?" "Mother," said Elinor, solemnly, "perhaps Oliver may die the very evening you have fixed on for the ball." "Well, if he should, it would be unlucky. But we cannot help it, you know." "They were such friends of uncle Joshua's!" said Elinor. "They are so out of the world, they will never know it." "But we should, mother." "There is nothing so unwise as to torment ourselves about possibilities. I am sure, things could not happen so unlucky."

Jane was right in one point at least. There is nothing so unwise as to trouble ourselves about possibilities. We may lay a thousand plans, waste time in revolving consequent events, even go on to imaginary conversations, and, after all, the occasion for them never occurs, and our plans are swept away, like chaff before the wind.

Elinor made out the list. The cards were written and sent, and the day before the ball arrived. The young, and those who remember the days of their youth, will not be severe on Elinor, that her thoughts took a brighter hue, as she busied herself in the splendid preparations; or that, when her ball-dress came home, her eye sparkled with pleasure as she gazed on it. Winters of sorrow and time must pass over the young head, before its germs of anticipation, of hope, and of self-complacency, can be blighted.

"It is a beautiful dress," said Mrs. Fulton. "I will just run down and see if your father has come. He was to bring your car-rings." Down Mrs. Fulton ran.

As she approached her room, which was on the basement story, she heard loud voices. She stopped at the door; and, at that moment, her husband said, in a deprecating voice, "I assure you this is only a trifling embarrassment. Wait a few days, and every thing will go right."

"I know better," was the ungracious reply, "and I will wait no longer." Jane turned away, with a feeling of apprehension. Something of undefined evil took possession of her mind; and, instead of returning to Elinor, she impatiently waited, at the head of the stairs, till the men were gone. When the door closed upon them, she again sought her husband. He was flushed and agitated.

"What do you want?" said he, roughly, as she entered. "I came to see if you had got Elinor's car-rings." "Don't torment me about such nonsense," replied he; "you worry my life out."

Jane had caught his retaliating spirit. "Something worries you, it is evident. Who were those men that have just gone?" "That is my affair," said he.

She was silent for a moment, and then affectionately exclaimed, "My dear Frank, how can you say so? Are not your affairs and mine the same? If any thing makes you unhappy, ought I not to know it?" How true it is that a soft answer turneth away wrath! He evidently felt the forbearance of his wife, and replied, more gently, "Indeed, Jane, if I had any thing pleasant to tell you, I should be glad to tell it. But the truth is, it is from kindness to you that I do not speak."

"Then there is something unpleasant to be communicated?" "Yes; but wait till this horrid ball is over,

and then I will tell you all. Here," said he, taking a little box from his pocket, "carry these to Elinor, and tell her—No; tell her nothing."

"Indeed, Frank, it is cruel in you to leave me in this state of suspense. Tell me the worst." "We are ruined! Now, Jane, go and finish your preparations for the ball. You would know all, and you have got it."

What a day was this for poor Jane! Earnestly she entreated that the ball might be given up. But Frank said, if any thing could increase their misery, it would be making it so public. And, after seas of tears on the part of Jane, it was finally settled that every thing should proceed the same.

Amidst the preparations for the evening, Mrs. Fulton's depression was not observed. The only hope that remained to Frank, was, that his affairs might be arranged with some degree of secrecy; and for this, the ball, he conceived, was actually necessary. When the evening arrived, and Elinor came to show herself, all equipped for her first appearance, any mother might have been proud of such a daughter, with her bright happy face, her sunny blue eyes, and a figure set off by her white satin bodice, and splendid necklace and ear-rings—the last present of her father. "Does she not look like a queen, ma'am?" said the chamber-maid, following her, and holding the light high above her head. Mrs. Fulton cast upon her a look of anguish.

The company came. Every body congratulated Jane on the beauty and elegance of her daughter. Every body prophesied she would be the belle of the winter. Then came the supper. And, at last, the visitors departed. Elinor retired to bed, full of happy dreams; and her parents were left alone.

Jane attempted to converse with her husband, but he had done the honours of the whisky punch and champagne, till he had not a clear idea left. And broken slumbers and sad thoughts followed her through the night.

The next morning came, with bitter consciousness of what was before them. Frank had not the consolation of feeling that misfortune had reduced him. He had not lost any large amount, by the sudden changes to which mercantile speculations are subject. He had been extravagant in his amusements; had thrown away a great deal of money in pictures and other works of art, beyond his means; had lavished not a little on horses and an equipage; but, above all, he had allowed his wife to pursue a system of reckless extravagance both in her domestic concerns and expenditure on herself and children. All the money which could be commanded, had been thus expended, and to supply the deficiency of ready money, credit had been got, and bills signed to a ruinous amount.

Thus, then, closes the melancholy scene of the Fultons' fall. To particularise the departure of the family from the splendid mansion in which had been witnessed their reckless extravagance, would both be painful and needless. They at once sunk into a condition of general disrespect, and were only saved from feeling the stings of absolute poverty by the humble provision which good old uncle Joshua had made for them, and which had been at first held in so much contempt.

THE GREEK HERO, CANARIS.

THE present independence of Greece, as every one knows, was brought about in a great measure by the heroic patriotism of certain individuals of the Greek nation, who devoted all their energies to the overthrow of the Turkish dominion in their country. One of the most remarkable of these heroes was Constantine Canaris. Ipsara, a small island in the Archipelago, near Mitylene, gave birth to this distinguished man. All the Greek islanders are sailors, and Canaris, a youth of good family, was early inured to a sea-life. Though very slightly made, his frame was firm and muscular, and capable of sustaining great fatigue. When his countrymen on the continent commenced their struggle for independence, the Ipsariote, Canaris, joined the Greek fleet, which was raised, chiefly among the islands, for the protection of the seas and ports against the Ottoman armament. The unimposing appearance, and modest, or rather embarrassed, manners of Canaris, prevented him for some time from attracting the notice of his countrymen, but the courageous spirit that burned within his bosom showed itself ere long in deeds. A bloody massacre had been perpetrated by the crews of the Turkish squadron on the island of Chios. To avenge the fallen Chioties, and to convey to some more secure abode those who had escaped, the Greek fleet put to sea in the end of May 1822, and came up to the enemy's ships, which were still lying off the coast of Chios, in the strait between that island and Asia. After some time spent in skirmishing, the Greeks resolved to attempt the destruction of the enemy's fleet in the night-time by means of fire-ships. On this service went Constantine Canaris, in command of one fire-ship (a small vessel filled with combustibles), and accompanied by a second under the guidance of George Pepinos, another island captain. After entering the Chian strait, on the night of the 18th of June, the two fire-ships were becalmed within gunshot of two Turkish frigates. Canaris's men grew alarmed, but their captain cried, "If you are afraid, throw yourselves into the sea, and you may swim to yonder rocks. I will burn the Pacha!" A favourable breeze, however, restored the courage of the men, and carried the two vessels toward the enemy,

when Canaris, finding that his vessel was not so good a sailer as that of Pepinos, "Friend," cried he, "if you get on before me thus, you will have burnt a vessel before I can ever get into the road, and our enterprise will be half executed. Let me go first, and you will be sure to come up in time to perform your share." The other agreed to the proposal of the ardent Ipsariote, and hung back a little. Profiting by the darkness, Canaris made his way to the ship of the Capitan-Pacha, on board of which a scene of festivity was going on at the moment, the commander having invited his captains and many other persons to an entertainment in celebration of the commencing Ramadan. Lights were hung out from every part of the ship, and the sounds of music and revelry boomed o'er the surface of the waters, when suddenly Canaris ran up his deadly fire-ship, fixed it in an instant to the Turkish admiral's vessel, set fire to it, and leaped into the boat that was to carry him off—crying exultingly to the confused enemy, "Now you are well illuminated!" The flames spread rapidly from the fire-ship to the other vessel; all attempts to extinguish them were fruitless. The Turkish admiral threw himself from his burning ship into a boat, but was killed by the falling of a mast, and many others perished with him. Pepinos meantime had set fire to a vessel containing the enemy's treasure, but though entirely disabled, the ship was not destroyed. Six other ships were greatly injured by running foul of one another, in their confused endeavours to get out of the way of their burning leader. When Canaris, the chief actor in this daring enterprise, returned in his boat to Ipsara with his brave mariners, he went immediately to the church and gave thanks for his success, while his countrymen greeted him with acclamations, and tolled the bells in his honour.

The name of Canaris was soon distinguished by other exploits. Passing over those of minor importance, we come to a second brilliant action performed by him in November of the same year, 1822. The Turkish fleet lay at anchor at that time off the isle of Tenedos, and Canaris, in concert with another captain, Kyriacos, projected a scheme for its destruction. With three fire-ships and three brigs of war, Canaris made sail from Ipsara for Tenedos, having the Ottoman flag flying from the masts of the fire-ships, in the train of which the brigs followed closely. On approaching the enemy, in the dusk of the evening, the brigs affected to give chase, and the fire-ships to fly, on which two Turkish frigates that were sailing about, made signals to the fire-ships to follow them, and they all went together into the port. The bold Canaris was now on the outlook for the admiral's ship, which he only discovered, the darkness being set in, by its discharging three guns in answer to the signals of the frigates. Immediately on hearing them, the Ipsariote made for the place whence the sound proceeded, reached the admiral's ship, fastened his own to it without a moment's delay, and having lighted the fire-ship, leaped into his boat and fled. Of all the multitude on board the Turkish admiral's ship, its commander and thirty men only escaped with their lives from the devastating conflagration that ensued. Kyriacos had set fire to another large ship, which also caused a great loss of lives. Nor was this all. The other vessels of the fleet were forced to fly from the harbour to avoid the flames and random shot from their burning companions, and also to escape from the cannonading of the garrison on shore, which fired into the harbour in the belief that the Greek fleet had entered. After the Turkish ships had left the harbour, a storm arose; two brigs were driven ashore on the coast of Troas, and two frigates and a corvette, being deserted in the confusion and alarm by their crews, drifted about till they fell into the hands of the inhabitants of the isle of Paros. In short, many lives were lost, and an immense deal of injury sustained by the Turks, while Canaris and his companions, only seventeen men in all, got safely to the brigs lying in wait for them, and proceeded quietly to Ipsara. They were received with more unmingled exultation than perhaps ever greeted the return of any conqueror to his home. No Grecian mother had to sing a song of mourning when Canaris came back from the wars, though he never went to them without giving cause of lamentation to the enemy. The Turkish squadron at Tenedos was effectually broken up by this blow.

In 1823, Canaris joined the main Greek fleet, and had many opportunities of displaying his signal intrepidity. On the 2d of June, the Grecian squadron came up with that of the Turks at Boojas, when, according to custom, Canaris instantly ran his fire-ship up to a large frigate, and set it speedily in a blaze. To keep the burning vessel off from themselves, the other Turkish ships commenced a close fire on it, and being attacked in the confusion caused by this affair, by the Greeks, the whole were dispersed and seriously damaged. Four ships of the Turks were destroyed on this occasion.

Shortly after this, having heard that an Egyptian fleet lay in the harbour of Alexandria, ready to sail against Greece, Constantine Canaris planned a daring scheme to destroy it, by the same means which he had hitherto employed with such success. On the 4th of August, he set sail to execute his purpose, three fire-

ships and which he or fifty brigs. Alexander his fire-ship, evening the fire-ship, the Egyptian Canaris course, but and his that the edged of drawing his boat. direction sued, but mariote's in which he attrib to the burnt of following, gather f The for the of the v-brave I engaged succeed by some naval e to the h vessel, board f were in engaged with eq long af the way Cons fulfilling riously Canaris of the s over so is not e

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ships and two brigs forming the whole force with which he was to undertake the overthrow of forty or fifty brigs and frigates. After six days' sail, the Greeks saw the Egyptian fleet in the harbour of Alexandria. Canaris boldly entered the harbour in his fire-ship, leaving the other two to follow him. The evening being clear and the light plentiful, the Greek fire-ship, which carried Austrian colours, was seen by the Egyptian admiral, who sent off a pilot to visit it. Canaris detained the pilot, and steadily pursued his course, but a strong land breeze chanced to spring up, and his fire-ship was driven seawards. Perceiving that the admiral was not to be come at, the Ipsariote edged off towards another group of vessels, and on drawing close to them, set his ship on fire and took to his boat. But the wind drove the fire-ship in the wrong direction, and no injury was done. Canaris was pursued, but got safe to the Greek brigs. This, the Ipsariote's boldest enterprise, was almost the only one in which he ever failed, and the failure was chiefly to be attributed to his companions, who did not follow him into the harbour as they had promised to do. Canaris burnt one Egyptian ship, and took another on the following day, which rendered his expedition not altogether fruitless.

The enterprises of Canaris after this period being for the most part mixed up with the general actions of the war, we shall pursue no further in detail the brave Ipsariote's career. Even in the many general engagements, however, which took place, he always succeeded in distinguishing himself above his comrades by some extraordinary display of valour. At the first naval encounter near Samos, he gave a decisive turn to the hopes of the day, by blowing up a large Turkish vessel, manned by a numerous crew, and carrying on board five hundred soldiers. Twenty transport boats were involved in the same conflagration. In another engagement near the same island, Canaris behaved with equal bravery, and was severely wounded. Not long after, the battle of Navarino occurred, which led the way to the pacification and independence of Greece.

Constantine Canaris, we believe, is yet alive, and fulfilling the duties of a good citizen not less meritoriously than he discharged those of a patriot-soldier. Canaris is a living proof that even the devoted valour of the ancients—that one quality which has vanished over so many of their faults in the eyes of posterity—is not extinct in our own time.

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

To those who delight to contemplate the varied forms of animal life, and take pleasure in rectifying, from personal observation of the living realities, the impressions they may have gained concerning many of those which inhabit distant regions, a more agreeable recreation can hardly be imagined than a morning's ramble over the beautiful gardens of the Zoological Society. These extensive enclosures, which are situated in a portion of the Regent's Park, in the north-western environs of London, are easily reached from the city by means of omnibuses running at all hours of the day, and should, if possible, be visited by all strangers as one of the principal places of rational amusement in the metropolis. The grounds in which the gardens have been constructed, appear to be remarkably well suited for their present purpose, and are so far removed from the dingy atmosphere, noise, and bustle of London, as to possess quite an agreeable and truly country-like aspect. The section of the park forming the Zoological enclosures has been tastefully disposed in the modern style of landscape gardening—here a clump of shrubby trees and border of flowers indigenous and exotic; there a pretty little pond or miniature lake; and at proper intervals is seen a neat rustic cot, with its straw-thatched roof and honeysuckle porch. Much of the ground also is occupied as green meadows, either subdivided into small parks for deer and other quadrupeds, or dotted with moveable trellis houses, the abode of different kinds of birds which require the refreshing exercise of walking on the well-kept turf. Throughout the whole, neat gravel walks wind their serpentine course, at every turn displaying some new curiosity in the shape of bird or beast, the representation of which one has only formerly seen on paper.

The entrance to this fashionable lounge requires a member's ticket (which, practically, will be found not difficult to obtain, on a little inquiry), and the payment of a shilling at the lodge, which is necessary to assist in defraying the enormous expenses of the establishment. In order to observe the animals to advantage, it is better to go rather early, before the daily influx of visitors shall have crowded the vicinity of whatever is most interesting and attractive; though, to the majority of persons, the gay appearance of the company present is far from being the least pleasing portion of the spectacle.

Passing the entrance-lodge of the grounds, a broad and long raised terrace-walk, adorned on each side with flowers, is terminated to the right by the quadrangular bear-pit. To this interesting part of the exhibition most visitors naturally proceed on entering, purchasing, as they pass along, from a little shop in the gardens, a few penny cakes or buns, with which to regale the bears and draw forth some of their peculiar habits. On our way to the place of residence of the bears, we are saluted by the harsh croak of the cormorant, answered by the louder and wild cry of a gigantic Indian crane from a spot beyond; and looking in the direction of the sound, we behold, over the flower-border to the left, and immediately below, a sheet of water in a large green enclosure, containing a variety of aquatic fowls, among which a few black swans appear conspicuous: a fountain plays in the centre; and the cormorant, sitting on a water-surrounded pile of rock-work, forms a most picturesque object, while his mate is seen hobbling along the grass, or swimming low in the water, with an air and carriage widely differing from aught that we have been accustomed to observe among the web-footed denizens of the poultry-yard.

There is something in the general aspect, the ungainly form and sombre plumage, of a cormorant, very much calculated to excite a prejudice against the bird, which is not diminished, on a nearer examination, by its unearthly-looking emerald-green eyes and expression of countenance. The cormorant pertains to a remarkable and varied group of web-footed birds (the *Palmipedes* of Cuvier), distinguished by having the four toes connected by a membrane, the majority of which, comprising the pelicans, darts, and even some of the gannets, are accustomed to sit sluggishly on trees while digesting their fishy meals. The cormorant, though proverbially gluttonous, is a very sagacious bird, capable of considerable attachment, and disposed to become extremely tame and familiar. It (or an allied species, of which there are several) is extensively trained in China to fish for its owner, a collar being fastened about its neck to prevent its swallowing the prey it captures, which it is taught to carry to its master, who, sitting in a boat, rewards the bird each time for its industry, and receives from a number of them a sufficient supply of fish to derive a livelihood from their sale. We believe the species has been trained to do the same in this country. The manners of a tame cormorant have oftentimes afforded us much amusement, and particularly the impudence of one, who, being fed with small fishes in company with several pelicans, thought nothing of intruding his head, when an opportunity offered, within the opened beaks of the latter, to rob them of whatever their capacious pouches might contain. Those in the Zoological Gardens are easily attracted by throwing to them a fragment of bun, and will permit of a moderately close inspection. The cormorant is a very numerous genus, represented by one or more species throughout the maritime portion of the globe: some of them are very handsomely marked; and there are two which inhabit various portions of the British coast, known as the common and the green cormorants, the latter of which was long confounded with a third European species, denominated the suag.

But we must proceed. On the farther side of the path which borders the above-mentioned enclosure, is seen a long curving series of compartments, where majestically strutting cranes, and moping storks, and herons of various species, are discernible; and the general elegance of the erections, combined with the horticultural decorations, compose altogether as pleasing a prospect as the gardens afford.

The paved floor of the bear-pit is nearly on a level with that low portion of the garden above which the end of the terrace-walk is embanked; and the pit is furthermore surrounded by a broad parapet-wall, ascended by steps, where visitors stand to view the animals, protected by an iron railing. In the centre is affixed a tall strong pole, with notches at intervals, up which the bears climb to a height superior to that on which the spectators stand, to take the cakes presented to them at the end of a long pointed stick, provided for the purpose; and their clumsy or rather awkward agility in mounting the pole, the air of complacency assumed while clinging to the top, together with the beseeching expression of their very readable countenances, with open mouth to catch whatever food may be thrown, are sure to engage the attention for some time, and to furnish a considerable fund of diversion to the assemblage gazing at them. The present in-

habitants of the pit are three bears of the common European species, and we think we discerned the straighter profile of an American black bear peering from within one of the communicating pens. The brown bear was formerly an inhabitant of the British islands, but, with the wolf and wild boar, and, it may be added, the beaver, has for centuries been completely extirpated from these realms.

The parapet-wall surrounding the bear-pit is continued across the end of the walk, whence may be viewed a densely stocked portion of the gardens, with many interesting animals immediately below, of which several are seen to advantage from this elevation. The most conspicuous of these is a beautiful creature, called an ouagra, or mountain zebra. This animal differs much from the true zebra when examined closely, and particularly from not being striped upon the legs, as the other is. It is less like the ass in its proportions, but does not approach the horse so nearly as the third striped animal of this genus, the quagga, so called from its singular voice, which somewhat resembles the barking of a dog. All three may be seen together, beautifully stuffed, in the Society's museum, with specimens of the foals of the zebra and ouagra, bred in the gardens. The quagga is much less striped than the ouagra, having its markings almost confined to the neck and forepart of the body, where they become obscure. The stripes are furthermore disposed somewhat differently in the three species; and it is interesting to observe the gradual development, as it were, of these markings through the series of existing animals of this genus. Thus, in the horse they are either quite obsolete, or a single black line is continued along the ridge of the back, which is usually most distinct in those of a chestnut or light bay colour; the *dziggetai* exhibits a similar black dorsal streak, but considerably broader; in the ass, a second line is displayed, crossing the first over the shoulders; the quagga follows, with a series of transverse stripes upon the neck, and more obscurely elsewhere; and then the ouagra; and finally the zebra, which has all but the muzzle and lower front of the face distinctly striped, having this part less marked than in the preceding species. Analogous gradations abound throughout the page of animated nature, or rather of the whole organised creation; and, in the present instance, it is not unworthy of remark, that M. Serres has demonstrated that an additional species has become extinct within the period of history, which, from certain figures extant on an antique Mosaic pavement, appears to have occupied precisely the situation where a slight chasm seems to exist at present in the series; in brief, its situation in the system would appear to have been intermediate between the quagga and the ass. The ouagra is otherwise distinguished from the rest of this genus, by the peculiar elongated form of its hoofs, indicative of its mountain habitat: it is the only animal of the three striped species now living in this menagerie, two or three zebras having recently died. All three are natives of Southern Africa; and though the zebra is commonly represented as utterly untameable, it seems that the traveller Vaillant managed to break one in, which he commonly rode on in his journeys; and more recently, one has been exhibited in the area of Astley's Amphitheatre, completely under command; but it seemed to be a dull, broken-spirited creature, and devoid of the animation and energy so characteristic of the unsubdued animals of its species. A number of goat-like Abyssinian sheep, distinctly pied with intense black and the purest white, occupy an adjoining partition to the ouagra.

Turning aside, to the left, opposite the bears, we come immediately upon a neat stable-like building, around the top of which a troop of fancy pigeons are disporting. A couple of dromedaries are here housed, one of them a purely white animal, the other darker than usual, which have the range of a moderate railed enclosure around and on each side. It may be mentioned that there are two original races of camel, the Arabian, or that with one hump only, and the Bactrian, or that with two; to the latter of which the name *dromedary* is often incorrectly applied. The true dromedary is merely a breed of the Arabian camel characterised by its lighter walk and superior fleetness, being employed for rapid journeys with light burdens. No creatures are more exquisitely adapted for their peculiar mode of life than the camels. Their hoofs are spreading, and of a convex cushion-like form beneath, to prevent their sinking much into the loose sand; and their limbs are so articulated, that the foot is necessarily lifted high at every step, thus occasioning no inconvenience to the animal in doing so; and they are furthermore supplied with callosities on which to kneel, or lie, unscorched, on the burning sand. Again, the unsightly humps, as we are apt to designate them, become, when food is plentiful, a reservoir for superabundance of nutriment, which is yielded for the support of the body in time of need, as when traversing the desert. Added to which, the Bactrian species, inhabiting a country which is parched with heat in the summer months, and severely cold in winter, is covered during the latter season with a profusion of long and beautiful flowing hair, which is shed when this is no longer required for a protection, but would become burdensome and oppressive.

It has always appeared to us that the countenances of these interesting animals possess a certain degree of melancholy, accompanied with meek resignation to their lot. What a host of associations of feeling are

called up in the mind in contemplating them! The visitor is carried in imagination to the regions of the East; the parched sandy plain is spread out before him, bounded only by the distant horizon; the weary wayworn caravan, with its attendant Arabs, heaves in sight; the crowd of camels trudging patiently on, and suffering the agonies of burning thirst; while overhead is the scorching sun, glaring on the hot glassy particles of sand of the desert. And here are living specimens of the very animals with whom such scenes in the imagination are pictured. All the stories which one has read of the camel, at once rush upon the recollection; and of these let us recount one, as a tribute to the virtues of the creatures now before us. It is told by Burckhardt. "In the month of August, a small caravan prepared to set out from Berber to Darau. It consisted of five merchants and about thirty slaves, with a proportionate number of camels. Afraid of the robber Naim, who at that time was in the habit of waylaying travellers about the wells of Nedjeim, and who had constant intelligence of the departure of every caravan from Berber, they determined to take a more easterly road, by the well of Owarsyk. They had hired an Ababde guide, who conducted them in safety to that place, but who lost his way from thence northward, the route being little frequented. After five days' march in the mountains, their stock of water was exhausted, nor did they know where they were. They resolved, therefore, to direct their course towards the setting sun, hoping thus to reach the Nile. After experiencing two days' thirst, fifteen slaves and one of the merchants died; another of them, an Ababde, who had ten camels with him, thinking that the animals might know better than their masters where water was to be found, desired his comrades to tie him fast upon the saddle of his strongest camel, that he might not fall down from weakness; and thus he parted from them, permitting his camels to take their own way; but neither the man nor his camels were ever heard of afterwards. On the eighth day after leaving Owarsyk, the survivors came in sight of the mountains of Shigre, which they immediately recognised; but their strength was quite exhausted. Lying down under a rock, they at length sent two of their servants, with the two strongest remaining camels, in search of water. Before these two men could reach the mountain, one of them dropped off his camel, deprived of speech, and able only to move his hands to his comrade as a sign that he desired to be left to his fate. The survivor then continued his route; but such was the effect of thirst upon him, that his eyes grew dim, and he lost the road, though he had often travelled over it before, and had been perfectly acquainted with it. Having wandered about for a long time, he alighted under the shade of a tree, and tied the camel to one of its branches: the beast, however, smelt the water (as the Arabs express it), and, wearied as it was, broke its halter, and set off galloping in the direction of the spring, which, as afterwards appeared, was at half an hour's distance. The man, well understanding the camel's action, endeavoured to follow its footsteps, but could only move a few yards; he fell exhausted on the ground, and was about to breathe his last, when a wandering Bedouin, who chanced to pass that way from a neighbouring encampment, by throwing water upon the man's face, restored him to his senses. They then went hastily together to the water, filled their skins, and, returning to the caravan, had the good fortune to find the sufferers still alive."

A WORD ON PLEASURE TOURS.

A FRENCHMAN has said, that there are few persons who know how to take a walk; and we would add, that many are ignorant of the art of extracting pleasure from what is called a pleasure tour. The gentleman who takes a regular list of every singular hill or cairn, every waterfall little or great, every villa, ruin, tower, or monument, and makes it a matter of conscience to visit the whole, has mistaken his way. His great solicitude is, not to enjoy what is interesting, but to be able to tell on his return that he has seen what others call so. He is the slave of his neighbour's ideas, and his own vanity. He ought to know that many of the most interesting objects are unnoticed in any Tourist's Guide, and that many which appear there are not worth going fifty yards to see. He ought to know, too, that as the impression which beautiful or sublime objects make on us is modified by a thousand peculiarities in our character, education, and mental habits, one man will view with indifference things which affect another powerfully. No individual can cultivate the sense of the beautiful in scenery earnestly, without bringing his idiosyncracies into play, and seeing objects in lights of his own. A scene is made up of a great variety of parts; each part speaks its own language, and no scene perhaps speaks precisely the same language to two different minds. A thoroughbred Cockney, who makes a run once in his life to the Highlands, will stare at the hills, rocks, and lakes, and bring away an idea that they are something wonderful, and unlike any thing he has seen before; but they speak in symbols to which he has not a key, and they make a confused impression on his mind, like a discourse in a foreign tongue.

Our own favourite practice differs widely from that of most of the tourists we meet with. We do not run post like a courier, and estimate the fruits of our travel by the length of the line we have passed over. We rather fix upon some spot which is the centre of an interesting district, and having established our headquarters there, make leisurely journeys to every place in the neighbourhood that has any thing worthy of attention. We take hints from books, from brother travellers, and from the country people; but we never task ourselves to see every thing which any body has pronounced "amazing pretty," or "desperate grand." We abominate guides, if we can get them dispensed with, because the presence of a stranger, however humble, takes something from that perfect freedom of action and emotion, which is one of the luxuries of mountain solitudes. The company of a single intelligent friend is extremely delightful, yet we would wish to dispense with this, too, occasionally. The most thrilling impressions produced by grand scenery, we have always felt to be incommunicable by words; it is their nature to absorb the thoughts and silence the tongue; and their power over the mind is even increased by the sense of absolute solitude. There is, besides, a certain economy of the social feelings necessary if we wish to extract the maximum of enjoyment from a pleasure excursion. It is said that clergymen are on more indifferent terms with their wives than other people, because the parties are always together; and, on the same principle, it will be found that travelling friends who spend the forenoon separately, will enjoy each other's company with a double zest at dinner. We prefer a district that is much in a state of nature, because we love to roam at large, and are unwilling either to be confined to beaten paths, or to quit them at the risk of being trespassers. If possible, we always plant ourselves at the foot of a hill; and the larger it is, the more irregular in its surface, and the more accessible, the better. This is nothing more than securing a useful variety in our walks, for a level surface can be had every where. Lastly, if the lines have fallen in pleasant places—that is, we are comfortably lodged, have a good country around us, and plenty of time—we like to mingle a little intellectual labour with our pleasure walks or rides. This may seem strange, on a tour for recreation; and yet, in our case, it is experience which has recommended the practice. Two hours, for instance, given regularly after breakfast, to some pursuit that approximates to the nature of study, without being very severe, appears to us to brace, rather than weary, the mind, and to send it forth with a keener appetite for all the beauties which earth and heaven present. Even the diversity of occupation has its charm; for day after day devoted entirely to the contemplation of scenery, produces fatigue and satiety. The reader may, however, if he pleases, place this in the number of our idiosyncracies.

Large towns are hotbeds of labour, anxiety, excitement, and dissipation; and we know nothing that contributes so much to amend the moral health of the careworn citizen, as a rural excursion for two or three weeks in fine weather, and with a pleasant companion. It is substantially true that "life's cares are comforts;" for the most idle are generally the least happy; but the best bow needs to be unstrung at times, and even the useful pursuits of business should not be allowed to usurp the whole man. We are compelled to gain our bread by the sweat of our brows, but there is still a time for wiping the drops from the forehead. To live perpetually in the vortex either of dissipation or business, to have the thoughts engrossed from the one year's end to the other with the frivolities of fashion, or the pursuit of a shilling, is to contract humanity into a nutshell, and bury in the dust the finest part of our mental constitution. The being who created man "infinite in faculties," and connected him by these faculties with a thousand objects around him, clearly indicated that he was destined to commune with universal nature. Yet how strangely is this truth forgotten in our social arrangements, and our habitual mode of thinking! The dread of want converts the million, and vanity and ambition convert the better educated few, into mere labouring machines, or the creatures of gin-house routine. We kill ourselves by efforts to secure the means of existence; or we seek a transitory fame by sacrificing the varied powers of our being to some single and perhaps useless pursuit. The notion that man exists merely to eat, and sleep, and toil, displays itself in our public maxims; and we speak of the country as in a state of "the highest prosperity," when the labouring classes are working sixteen hours a-day, and have scarcely time for food or sleep! In our own experience we have always found that a country excursion answers a better purpose than mere recreation. It tends to rectify our notions of human life; or, if we may say so, it comes in aid of our philosophy. When we quit the town after some months of constant exertion, and perceive the fields enamelled with beauty, the bright sky lavishing its splendours, the birds warbling in every copse, and the rolling waters sending forth their music, we cannot help feeling that there is something out of joint in that system of ceaseless labour, which, by consuming the strength of men, and centering their thoughts upon a few grovelling pursuits, extinguishes the capacity of enjoying those pure and simple pleasures which nature has scattered around them in such profusion. The effect of advancing civilisation upon the mass of mankind seems only to be, to exact from them more unremitting toil, and a more complete

sacrifice of their moral nature to their physical wants. It seems to us that ignorance, faulty institutions, and mistaken views of our constitution, have robbed us of half the natural privileges of our existence.—*Scotsman newspaper, 1838.*

PROGRESS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

EVERY body who has lived any time in the country, or read any thing on the subject of agriculture, knows what immense changes for the better have taken place in the operations of the husbandman in Scotland, during the last sixty or seventy years—or even within a much shorter period. Low-lying lands have been drained and transformed from wet marshy wastes clad in rank grass and rushes, into fine rich meadows green and beautiful; while the higher grounds have been cleared of their crops of whin bushes, decked and sheltered with plantations, and either brought under the plough or rendered valuable for sheep pasture. The work of draining, clearing, ploughing, manuring, and dressing the land in every way which experience and skill can suggest, has at length had the effect of yielding a bounteous return. The difference between the amount of produce of ground cultivated poorly and unskillfully, and that which is managed according to the best principles of art, is very extraordinary—is far greater than what most persons have any just idea of. About a hundred years ago, a great part of the land produced no crops of any kind, and the best cultivated fields at that period yielded only three times the amount of the seed which was sown. In the present day, fully eight times the seed is returned, besides an enormous weight of refuse and green crop for manure.

A good idea of the difference of cropping in the "good old times" and in the present "bad times," is obtained from a perusal of the following statement, taken from a paper by Mr Oliver of Lochend, an intelligent practical farmer, and which is quoted in McCulloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire:—

"The mode of cropping at the former period (1723) was, first, peas; second, wheat; third, barley; fourth, oats; the produce being about three seeds, but, to prevent all cavil, say four seeds. This, taking the seed for each acre at 1 boll,* over a farm of 100 acres, † is 400 bolls. The quantity of straw for each boll of such a crop could not exceed 15 stones; which on 400 bolls gives 6000 stones, or 42 tons 15½ cwt. of straw, to be consumed by the stock and returned to the land in the shape of manure. But upon a farm of 100 acres, cultivated as at present; namely, a fourth, turnips; a fourth, wheat or barley; a fourth, clover or rye-grass, pastured, or made into hay and consumed on the farm; and a fourth, oats, or wheat; the account would stand thus:—50 acres of wheat, barley, and oats, at 8 bolls per acre, which, we are convinced, is not above the average crops of the best district of East Lothian (and such only was cultivated when Lord Baven wrote); this, allowing as above, 15 stones of straw for each boll, gives 120 stones per acre; which, over 50 acres, makes in all 6000 stones of straw, or 42 tons 15½ cwt.; being equal to the quantity produced by the whole 100 acres under the old system. Now, suppose that the 25 acres of clover and rye-grass are made into hay (which, however, is not the mode practiced, nor the best mode of obtaining the greatest quantity of manure, and keeping up the fertility of the soil), and that each acre yields 200 stones, the total quantity will be 5000 stones, or 35 tons 14 1-10th cwt.; and add to this 500 tons turnip, being the produce of 25 acres, at 20 tons per acre, which is by no means above a fair average crop. Upon these data, the weight of materials produced annually for manure under the old and new systems will be as follows:—

Old system, Straw	6,000 stones, 42 tons 15½ cwt.
Straw	6,000 — 42 — 15½ cwt.
New system, Hay	5,000 — 35 — 14 1-10th cwt.
Turnips	70,000 — 500 —

Thus, making the weight of materials to be converted into manure under the new system, in round numbers, 577 tons; while, under the old system, the quantity is only 42 tons, leaving a balance in favour of the new of 535 tons per annum, being more than twelve times the whole quantity produced under the old! Nothing more is necessary to show the superiority of the new system, in as far as keeping up the fertility of the soil is concerned; and upon this depends the progress of agriculture. And as to the question of comparative profit, it would be easy to show, from unquestionable data, that the new system is as superior to the old in this respect, as it is in the supply of manure; but this, we think, must be abundantly obvious to every one who contrasts the almost imperceptible advances made in agriculture, and in the accumulation of agricultural capital, for many centuries, with their extraordinary progress during the last seventy years, or since the new system was introduced."

We should not omit to state, that the cause of agricultural improvement in Scotland has been prodigiously advanced by three or four important circumstances of a peculiar nature. First, the country has every where been intersected by good roads, under the trusteeship of the local gentry, and supported by tolls. Second, the practice of landlords granting leases for at least nineteen years, with conditions to prevent the exhausting of the soil, and offering inducements to improve the ground both by skill and capital. Third, the absence of any species of distraction or

* One East Lothian boll of wheat was equal to nearly 4 bushels; a boll of barley to near 6 bushels.

† The Scotch acre, which is larger than an imperial acre, is here referred to.

annoyance, by the demand of tithe and poor-rate. These are things which a Scottish rural tenant knows nothing about. Each landlord pays his fixed share of money stipend to the clergyman of the parish, so that neither the farmer nor the peasantry have anything to do with the matter, and are left in peace to pursue any scheme of improvement which strikes their fancy. As for the poor-rates, in the parishes where they happen to exist, they seldom amount to a shilling in the pound each year on the rental, and that is paid one-half by the landlord and the other by the tenant. Practically, they are not worth speaking of. It is now two hundred years since the admirable plan of commuting tithes, and allocating fixed stipends (but progressively rising at intervals of twenty years, if available or necessary), came into operation in Scotland; and how strange that the extraordinary success which has attended it, has not long since offered an example to be followed in every part of the United Kingdom!

BERANGER'S POETRY.

Our readers were presented, in a late number of the Journal, with some account of the distinguished French poet Beranger, and a specimen of two of his effusions. We now return to the subject, believing it to be one calculated, on many accounts, to excite interest. Beranger's muse, besides, has ranged, "with a soul of power," over so vast a field, that it would require notices like this, again and again repeated, to give any thing like a just conception of the extent and fertility of his genius.

The following piece is, in its original form, one of those songs most admired by Beranger's countrymen. Our readers will readily see that its tone and bearing do not at all correspond with the sentiments usually expressed in the present publication, but we are desirous that the character of the French poet and his writings should be fully understood, and for this reason we give this song, one of the least objectionable, perhaps, of his "good-fellow" effusions.

THE HEARTY OLD MAN.

Joyous spirits, whom Bacchus has here brought together,
Let an old man the welcome of fellowship crave;
Your light-hearted chants have attracted me hither,
For I too, though old, love to warble a stave.
For the days that are gone, I can tell you the news—
With the minstrels of yore I have emptied a can:
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!
Do you hail me so warmly? and pledge to my name,
In bumpers of wine such as monarchs might kiss?
Ha! let age and its grievances go whence they came—
'Tis not I that would damp such a meeting as this!
On this moment may Pleasure shed odours profuse,
And inhale them, my boys, for this life's but a span—
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!
Like you, from sweet lips once enchantment I drew,
As young grand dames may tell, whom I worshipped of yore;
I had mistresses, mansions, and friendships, like you;
My mistresses, mansions, and friends, are no more!
Faithful memory sometimes the picture renews,
And a sigh breaks apart as the vision I scan—
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!
Though tempest-tost oft in the broils of our land,
Her sweet sky to me has been dear amid all,
And the cup of good wine which still comes to my hand,
Neither malice nor pride ever mingled with gall!
For the vintage to hail can I even refuse
On slopes where for me once the ruddy juice ran—
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!
Though the comrade and friend of our warriors of old,
Not now would I stir up their steps to pursue,
All my proud days of conquest more cheaply I hold,
Than one bright day of festival triumph with you.
Yes! the palms on your temples I rather would choose,
Than any e'er won since grim war first began!
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!
Drink a cup yet, my friends, to the last of my loves!
How bright, through your virtues, the future shall bloom!
O'er the earth, to restore its fresh youth, freedom moves,
And happy days yet shall shed light on my tomb!
Hopes of France's fair spring-time, recede in my adieu!
To behold you I've lingered as long as I can—
Some of glory and wine, friends of love and the muse,
O! smile on the songs of a hearty old man!

As it is our object to give our readers some idea of the varied character of Beranger's powers, we now present a piece of an entirely different cast from the preceding, and which may be termed a historical picture, of a most striking and faithful kind. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Quentin Durward*, has drawn a full-length portrait of the same individual—the gloomy and terrible inhabitant of Plessis-les-Tours, Louis XI. of France. Those who recollect—and who does not?—the Scottish novelist's masterly delineation, will admire the power with which Beranger has accumulated into a sketch of a few stanzas all the traits which entered into the composition of Louis's dark character, and has painted the fearful loneliness of the tyrant's position. For the translation we are indebted to Tait's Magazine for May 1833, which contains an excellent paper on the French lyricist.*

LOUIS THE ELEVENTH.

Welcome! sport that sweetens labour!
Village maidens, village boys,
Neighbour hand in hand with neighbour,
Dance we, singing to the labor,
And the sackbut's merry noise!

* We trust that our readers understand the other pieces to be translated, as in a former article, for *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

Our aged king, whose name we breathe in dread,
Louis, the tenant of yon dreary pile,
Designs, in this fair prime of flowers, 'tis said,
To view our sports, and try if he can smile.
Welcome! sport, &c.

While laughter, love, and song, are here abroad,
His jealous fears imprison Louis there;
He dreads his peers, his people—ay, his God;
But, more than all, the mention of his heir.
Welcome! sport, &c.

Look there! a thousand lances gleam afar,
In the warm sunlight of this gentle spring!—
And, 'midst the clang of bolts, that grate and jar,
Heard ye the warder's challenge sharply ring?
Welcome! sport, &c.

He comes! He comes! Alas! this mighty king
With envy well the hovel's peace may view;
See! where he stands, a pale and spectral thing!
And glares askance the serried halberds through!
Welcome! sport, &c.

Beside our cottage hearth, how bright and grand
Were all our visions of a monarch's air!
What! is his sceptre but that trembling hand?
Is that his crown—a forehead seamed by care?
Welcome! sport, &c.

In vain we sing; at yonder distant chime,
Shivering, he starts!—'twas but the village bell!
But evermore the sound that notes the time
Strikes to his ear an omen of his knell!
Welcome! sport, &c.

Alas! our joys some dark distrust inspire!
He flies, attended by his chosen slave!—
Beware his hate; and say, "our gracious sire
A loving smile to greet his children gave."
Welcome! sport, &c.

We shall conclude this article with a little piece from another modern poet of France, to whom we shall call further attention, on some future occasion. This is the Viscount de Chateaubriand, a man who, besides his distinction in literature, has filled a conspicuous place in European politics. In many respects, Chateaubriand's personal history is an exact counterpart to that of Beranger—the former having been through life a devoted adherent of the Bourbons, to whose cause his contemporary was uniformly opposed. But of Chateaubriand's history, as we have said, we shall speak more at large in our next paper on the recent poetry of France. The following little piece was composed by Chateaubriand on the untimely decease of a friend's daughter:—

THE YOUNG MAID AND THE FLOWER.

The coffin descends! and a garland of roses,
By a father's hand dropped, on its lid reposes,
To the bridegroom death a dower!
Earth! open thy arms, and take to thy bosom
These twining locks of beauty, cut off in their blossom,
The fair young maid, and the flower!
Ah! give them not back to this impure dwelling,
Where sorrow and pain have power of quelling
The bliss of man in an hour!
No storm shall blast them, when laid in thy keeping,
Heat shall not scorch them, noise break not their sleeping—
The fair young maid and the flower!
How brief was thy span of enjoyment, poor maiden!
But yet the dark future, with care and grief laden
For others, thy peace cannot sour!
Oh, night! shed thy dew for their grave-turf's adorning,
Their life was a short and a sweet summer morning—
The fair young maid and the flower!

STORY OF EGYPTIAN OPPRESSION.

MR LANE, in his "Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," lately published, gives the following story as an illustration of the nature of the local government to which the people of Egypt are subjected:—"The Nazir or governor of the southernmost district of the Delta, a short time before my present visit to the country, in collecting the taxes at a village, demanded of a poor peasant the sum of sixty riyals, which was then equivalent to about thirty shillings. The poor man urged that he possessed nothing but a cow, which barely afforded sustenance to himself and his family. Instead of pursuing the method usually followed when a fellah or peasant declares himself unable to pay the tax demanded of him, which is to give him a severe bastinado, the Nazir, in this case, sent the Sheikh el-Beled to bring the poor peasant's cow, and desired some of the fellahs or peasantry to buy it. They saying that they had not sufficient money, he sent for a butcher, and desired him to kill the cow; which was done: he then told him to divide it into sixty pieces. The butcher asked for his pay, and was given the head of the cow. Sixty fellahs were then called together, and each of them was compelled to purchase, for a ryal, a piece of the cow. The owner of the cow went, weeping and complaining, to the Nazir's superior, the late Mohammad Bey, Defurdar. 'My master,' said he, 'I am oppressed and in misery: I had no property but one cow, a milk cow: I and my family lived upon her milk; and she ploughed for me, and threshed my corn; and my whole subsistence was derived from her: the Nazir has taken her, and killed her, and cut her up into sixty pieces, and sold the pieces to my neighbours; to each a piece, for one ryal; so that he obtained but sixty riyals for the whole, while the value of the cow was a hundred and twenty riyals, or more. I am oppressed and in misery, and a stranger in the place, for I came from another village; but the Nazir had no pity on me. I and my family are become beggars, and have nothing left. Have mercy upon me, and give me justice: I implore it by

thy harem.' The Defurdar, having caused the Nazir to be brought before him, asked him, 'Where is the cow of this fellah?' 'I have sold it,' said the Nazir. 'For how much?' 'For sixty riyals.' 'Why did you kill it and sell it?' 'He owed sixty riyals for land: so I took his cow, and killed it, and sold it for the amount.' 'Where is the butcher that killed it?' 'In Menoof.' The butcher was sent for, and brought. The Defurdar said to him, 'Why did you kill this man's cow?' 'The Nazir desired me,' he answered, 'and I could not oppose him: if I had attempted to do so, he would have beaten me, and destroyed my house: I killed it; and the Nazir gave me the head as my reward.' 'Man,' said the Defurdar, 'do you know the persons who bought the meat?' The butcher replied that he did. The Defurdar then desired his secretary to write the names of the sixty men, and an order to the sheikh of their village, to bring them to Menoof, where this complaint was made.

The Nazir and butcher were placed in confinement till the next morning, when the sheikh of the village came, with the sixty fellahs. The two prisoners were then brought again before the Defurdar, who said to the sheikh and the sixty peasants, 'Was the value of this man's cow sixty riyals?' 'Oh, our master,' they answered, 'her value was greater.' The Defurdar sent for the Cadee of Menoof, and said to him, 'Oh, Cadee, here is a man oppressed by this Nazir, who has taken his cow, and killed it; and sold its flesh for sixty riyals: what is thy judgment?' The Cadee replied, 'He is a cruel tyrant, who oppresses every one under his authority. Is not a cow worth a hundred and twenty riyals, or more? and he has sold this one for sixty riyals: this is tyranny towards the owner.' The Defurdar then said to some of his soldiers, 'Take the Nazir, and strip him, and bind him.' This done, he said to the butcher, 'Butcher, dost thou not fear God? Thou hast killed the cow unjustly.' The butcher again urged that he was obliged to obey the Nazir. 'Then,' said the Defurdar, 'if I order thee to do a thing, wilt thou do it?' 'I will do it,' answered the butcher. 'Kill the Nazir,' said the Defurdar. Immediately, several of the soldiers present seized the Nazir, and threw him down; and the butcher cut his throat, in the regular orthodox manner of killing animals for food. 'Now, cut him up,' said the Defurdar, 'into sixty pieces.' This was done: the people concerned in the affair, and many others, looking on, but none daring to speak. The sixty peasants who had bought the meat of the cow were then called forward, one after another, and each was made to take a piece of the flesh of the Nazir, and to pay for it two riyals; so that a hundred and twenty riyals were obtained from them: they were then dismissed; but the butcher remained. The Cadee was asked what should be the reward of the butcher, and answered that he should be paid as he had been paid by the Nazir. The Defurdar therefore ordered that the head of the Nazir should be given to him; and the butcher went away with his worse than valueless burden, thanking God that he had not been more unfortunate, and scarcely believing himself to have so easily escaped until he arrived at his village. The money paid for the flesh of the Nazir was given to the owner of the cow."

Most of the governors of provinces and districts (Mr Lane adds) carry their oppressions, of which the above is an instance, far beyond the limits to which they are authorised to proceed by their supreme ruler Ali Pasha. Ali allows no one to oppress but himself.

THE GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT.

THERE is no fruit of the British garden or orchard equal to the strawberry for fragrance of flavour, or to the gooseberry for utility or general acceptance. The gooseberry, and its congener the currant, are indeed the vines of the north; and it is a new instance of paternal care, that this substitute should have been afforded to our climate, for the delicious grape of warmer regions. Viewed in this light, it is a curious fact, that these fruits, and especially the gooseberry, just begin to acquire their good qualities when the grape, in the open ground, begins to degenerate. In the southern provinces of France, for example, where the vine is successfully cultivated, the gooseberry produces fruit scantily, and of no value; and in the north of that country, and more especially in the counties of England adjacent to it, where the vine is niggardly of its produce, the gooseberry grows luxuriantly, and acquires an agreeable taste, which increases as it extends northward.

The history of the gooseberry is little known. If it be not a native of Britain, it has, at all events, been long naturalised here, and it nowhere thrives better. In the reign of Henry VIII., it was familiarly known in this country as a garden plant, as appears by the following distich of Tusser, a writer on husbandry, who lived at that period:—

"The barbery, rasp, and gooseberry too,
Look now to be planted, as other things do."

This plant may be said to be the solitary fruit of the labourer's garden, in the northern parts of our island; and to him it affords a wholesome and grateful luxury. In Lancashire it is eagerly cultivated by the manufacturing population, and the people vie with each other in the successful production of this fruit. It is, however, more toward the size than the flavour of the gooseberry that their competition is directed, because

this is the most palatable, though assuredly not the most agreeable quality, the taste usually becoming less rich as the size increases.

"The gooseberry shows of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and other manufacturing counties, are conducted with great system; and an annual account of them, forming a little volume, is printed and published at Manchester. The heaviest gooseberry which appears to have received a prize, was exhibited at the Shakespeare Tavern, Nantwich, in 1825; it weighed 31 dwts. 16 grains. The prizes given on these occasions are adapted to the manners of the homely people who contend for them, being generally either a pair of sugar-tongs, a copper teakettle (the favourite prize), a cream-jug, or a corner cupboard. The proceedings of these contests, and the arrangements for future years, are registered with as much precision as the records of horse-racing; and doubtless the triumphs which are thus handed down to the colliers' or the weavers' children, by the additions which the goodman makes to his household ornaments, are as deeply valued as the 'gold-cups of Newmarket.'" (Vegetable Substances, page 269.)

The moral effect of the cultivation of the gooseberry, in the manufacturing districts, is spoken of with approbation in the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge," and most certainly such an agreeable relaxation is unspeakably preferable to the degrading vices to which the population of these crowded parts of the country are addicted. If the healthful occupation of the garden withdraws the manufacturer from the corruptive habits contracted in the tavern, much is gained, at least of a negative nature, in preserving his morals; and doubtless something positive also, in opening and enlarging his mind, and promoting his domestic enjoyments. The prize-shows, however, are of a more doubtful character. If they tend to foster vanity, and excite any thing of the spirit of the *turf*, all that can be said of them is, that they are, at all events, a hundred-fold less pernicious than those favourite but most demoralising amusements of their superiors, to which they have been compared.

The effect of the competition, above alluded to, on the gooseberry itself, is very conspicuous, but not entirely advantageous. It has, as I have already hinted, turned the attention of cultivators from the superior qualities of the fruit to its superior dimensions. In the fruit catalogue of the Horticultural Society of London, there are nearly two hundred different kinds enumerated, of which no fewer than one hundred and fifty are the Patagonian gooseberries of Lancashire.

The varieties of the gooseberry may be said to be almost endless, being propagated by seeds, the produce of which is not only affected by soil and climate, but is very various in itself, perpetually appearing in new kinds. The following, however, may be taken as a general description of the qualities, so far as they are associated with colour. The yellow are of a more rich and vinous flavour than the white—the white than the green. The red are very various in flavour, but are commonly more acid than the others, though to this latter remark there are many exceptions. From this description, it follows that the yellow are most proper for the dessert, as well as for being fermented into wine, while the red make the most agreeable preserves.

The currant is perhaps also a native of this country, although it has been regarded as the degenerated grape of Corinth, from which circumstance it derives its name; and, indeed, there is a small seedless grape, in the Levant, which is known by the same appellation, and from which it is possible that it may be derived. In "Dodoen's History of Plants," translated in 1578, it is called "the red beyond-sea gooseberry." There are three distinct varieties of the currant, the white, the red, and the black, differing from each other in flavour as well as in colour, and each possessing some valuable characteristic qualities. The black currant, especially, has distinguishing peculiarities; its flavour is milder than that of the other two, and it is supposed to be particularly salubrious, and even medicinal.

I have already adverted to the providential arrangement, by which the gooseberry has been made to succeed the vine in our comparatively northern regions; and the same view has been so well expressed by an interesting writer, that I shall gratify both myself and the reader by concluding this account in his words. "Divine bounty is equalised to the nations. Italy has the grape; but there the gooseberry will not grow, or it will live only as an evergreen shrub, incapable of producing fruit; and it is further pleasant to observe, that, in the large field of the world, proper to the cultivation of our vine, its annual produce is less precarious than that of any other tree—a further proof that the things which are really best for man, are also the most abundant and the most easily produced. Were the pine-apple, which sells at one guinea per pound, as easy to be had as the potato or the gooseberry, no family would ever have done with the physician."—*Duncan's Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons; Summer.*

We think that the reverend author of the above, might have advantageously mentioned, that too much attention has lately been paid by horticulturists to the production of strawberries of a large size and in large quantities, without regard to flavour. In the present day, strawberries are much less delicate in flavour than formerly, and in many instances they are little better than tasteless lumps. Why do not Horticultural Societies look to this?

AGRICULTURAL BOYS' SCHOOL.

THE following is Mr Smith's account of his plan for the education of boys in agriculture, at Southam, Warwickshire:—"It is not a school, it is simply four roods of land, divided into twelve gardens, occupied by boys, from ten to sixteen years of age, in the cultivation of garden vegetables, peas, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, kidneybeans, celery, &c. I allow only one-fourth to be cultivated for potatoes, and wheat not at all. They pay all prices, from 6d. to 1s. per month, according to the size. The rent for the whole amounts to L4, 17s. per annum. The 17s. I expend in one rent dinner, monthly, when they bring their rent, which I am glad to say my little tenants have hitherto done to an hour. If I were rich enough, I should be happier in having 500 such tenants, than as many renting 200 acres each. It is a glorious sight, or rather was a glorious sight, last summer, to see all the little gardens so clean and full of stuff. I could have challenged it, for produce and cleanliness, against any acre of ground in the country. The moral advantages too have been very great; and if it could be copied and extended, all tendencies to idleness, drunkenness, theft, and dissipation, might be greatly lessened. For instance, in this town we have 1200 inhabitants, the greater part of whom have been fully employed the whole summer. There are about sixty boys who have been at the parish school, but who are not yet old enough to go out into service. In the summer evenings, if unemployed, they are very apt to be in mischief; but my boys, since they have had a garden to resort to, have forsaken the streets, and are acquiring that sort of knowledge which is likely to be serviceable to them when they become men. Their fathers and mothers, especially the latter, are made happy, their cottages have been filled with good vegetables all the summer, at no expense to the father's strength or the mother's care; for the boys, whilst they will work hard to procure the rent, are very willing to let their parents have the produce. This they sometimes pay the poor boys for, and sometimes not; whichever they do amounts to the same thing. If the boys sell their vegetables to their mother, the money is laid out in clothing, so that saves the father's purse. If six acres of land could be procured for every sixty boys (which is about the number for every 1200 inhabitants), we should have the whole country smiling with health, activity, and content."

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT CITY IN AMERICA.

SOME time ago, we presented an account of certain remarkable objects of architectural antiquity in Mexico, which bear such a close resemblance in many respects to the Pyramids of Egypt, that they afford the strongest grounds for belief, that an intercourse between the eastern and western hemispheres had existed perhaps thousands of years before the discovery of America by Columbus. We observe, from a statement in one of our colonial papers, that there have been further discoveries of the remains of ancient architecture in the western regions hitherto unexplored, and that, in particular, the ruins of a town or city of considerable magnitude have become known. The account given of Aztalan, as this ruined city has been called, is not very specific, and we shall be glad to see a description at greater length. In the meanwhile, we lay before our readers a paragraph on the subject, from a Camden paper, quoted in the *Acadian Telegraph*, April 21, 1837.

"We recently copied an account of the discovery of an ancient city in the far west, from one of the Western papers. At the time we considered the whole affair as bordering too much upon the marvellous to be worthy of implicit credit, but it now appears in so very authentic a form in the columns of the *Chicago American*, that we can no longer withhold our belief. It will doubtless provide abundant speculation for the learned of every country. Babylon, Balbec, Palmyra, Thebes, and Memphis, present ruins that were once inhabited by people who are well known to us by the records of history. But here, in the back and beautiful wilds of North America, has been discovered the ruin of a large and half buried city, of the population of which nothing whatever is known. They were probably a race of men who have entirely passed away from the face of the earth. Certainly the Indians of the present day and their forefathers never dwelt in cities; and while the mounds of Missouri and Illinois, particularly that singular structure, Monk's Mound, bear evidence of having been constructed by a totally different and more civilised people than any of the (so called) 'aboriginal tribes'—this city of Aztalan, the discovered parts of which are built with brick, is evidently the work of men who well understood the arts of masonry, surveying, and fortification.

By whom Aztalan was built, and by whom peopled, we leave to the learned in archaeology, merely remarking, that some of the more remote Indian tribes are said to have traditions of another nation having once existed in North America. In the *Chicago American* newspaper, there is a drawing of the supposed citadel of Aztalan as it now stands. It is of great extent, the walls about five feet high, and regularly fortified by strong abutments, resembling such as are used in the walling of both ancient and modern towns. The space thus employed is entirely circummured, of large extent, and containing four square mounds for defence, placed in advantageous positions. There are the remains of a road, and the mouth of a sewer formed of stone masonry, which debouches on the river. Outside the walls of the citadel are numerous mounds, evidently intended for warlike purposes, and varying from three to twenty-six feet in height. The walls and buttresses are of brick, and twenty-three feet in breadth; and the entire plan of the citadel is evidently formed on mathematical principles.

The drawing to which we refer, as well as the descriptive particulars accompanying it, are the results of an actual survey by N. F. Hyer, Esq. who states that "these ruins form a new and prominent attraction among the many the west affords, and illustrates and confirms some of the strange theories and opinions of scholars in relation to the early character of our western territory. Will the mysteries of Aztalan ever be unveiled? Of a truth the far west is rich in wonders, and in all probability this is only the first in a train of discoveries for future record and admiration. This ancient metropolis of a bygone people has left traces of being some miles in extent. It is situated in the township of Jefferson, west of Milwaukee, and on the west side of the west branch of Rock River."

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following is an anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield, which his lordship himself told from the bench:—He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of pecculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character. "What kind of character can I give you?" says his lordship. "Oh, my lord, any character your lordship please to give me, I shall most thankfully receive." His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows:—"The bearer, John—, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man. I discharged him because he cheated me.—(Signed) MANSFIELD." John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterwards, when his lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise he recognised his late coachman. "Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?" "Oh, my lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character; my new master, on reading it, said, he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. These (says he) are just the qualities I want in a coachman; I observe his lordship adds that he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah, I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat me."

TOWNSEND AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

The following anecdote, illustrative of the free and easy manners of this well-known legal character, may be depended upon. The late Duke of York meeting him one morning on the parade in St James's Park, good humouredly inquired if there was any news. "Nothing particular," said Townsend, "except a little scandal about your Royal Highness." "What is that?" inquired the duke. "Why," said the veteran, seizing his interrogator by the button, "they do say that you have been losing pretty heavily at Brooks's lately." "Well, Townsend, I don't mind what they say." "That's right, that's right. Your Royal Highness would be a fool if you did."—*The Original.*

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

The groom of the late Duke of Queensberry, who won the famous match with the celebrated "Eleanor," was an especial favourite with his grace. Hearing, when at a great distance from the spot, that his faithful servant was on the point of death, and had expressed an earnest desire to speak a few words with his master before he departed for ever, the duke proceeded, post haste, to the place where he lay. On being shown into the room, the great man approached the bed, and, gently drawing the curtains, looked silently upon the countenance now glazing under the first touch of death. The patient turned with difficulty round, and his pale face brightened for a moment as he caught his master's eye. "Ah, my Lord," sobbed forth the dying man, "ah, my Lord—remember El-e-a-nor!" "To be sure, John," said the duke. "Ah," continued the groom, "warn't she a rum'un!"—and died.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

"Dilatory fellow," said the lexicographer (for such, by his conversation, he evidently was, "where have you been loitering, dawdling in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, mister?" replied the countryman. Lexi. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun. Na, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.

Lexi. Hum! and so you procrastinated with him, eh?

Coun. Na, I didn't; I went to the Goat in Boots w' him.

Lexi. Ah, had your dinner in the interim?

Coun. Na, we had it in the taproom!

Lexi. Blocked!—the terms are synonymous.

Coun. Are they?—I thought 'em very dear;—tenpence for eggs and bacon.

Lexi. Confound the fellow—how does this amalgamate?

Coun. Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi. Ah, totally abstracted from the consequences—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun. Na, I didn't—I fell into a ditch though;—ale wur as strong.

Lexi. And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun. Na, but there wur plenty o' mud.

Lexi. Impervious to—oh! Chagrin, I said.

Coun. Green!—oh, I know now; we call it duck-weed in our parts.

Lexi. I shall lose all patience—you were born incorrigible.

Coun. No, I wur'n't;—I wur born in Yorkshire, High Street, Wakefield.

Lexi. Again mistaking!—do you never deviate?

Coun. No, I only goes out to work.

Lexi. You want common ratiocination, fellow.

Coun. Na, I didn't—I only want you to settle my account—one-and-eight-pence—that can't be dear—such a load as this.

Lexi. I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even a common case?

Coun. Na, can't take any less—it's more nor three mile, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi. I must succumb—there is your money, fellow—go your ways, and let me thank Heaven I am released from the purgatory of your obtuseness.—*Comic Magazine.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low; rank and subordination; riches and poverty. No. The distinction is in the *mind*. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of a humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable in himself, and in his judgment of others, and requires no law but his *sword* to make him fulfil an engagement;—such a man is a gentleman;—and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth. It is hence, and hence only, that the great can claim their superiority; and hence, what has been so beautifully said of honour, "the law of kings," is no more than true. "It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her, and imitates her actions where she is not."—*De Vere.*

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